
THARG'S 9TH BIRTHDAY PRESENTS
PROG 468
3 MAY 86
2000AD
FEATURING JUDGE DREDD
26p
EARTH MONEY
IN ORBIT EVERY MONDAY
3 NEW THRILLS
BRETT EWINS

9 ZARJAZ YEARS OF 2000AD

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS, MERCURIANS, VENUSIANS, MARTIANS, SATURNIANS, NEPTUNIANS, PLUTONKERS & ASTEROID BELTERS!

Yes, it's true! A literary landmark has been reached! The publication of this perfect prog marks the anniversary of *9 Earth years* of non-stop thrill-power! To celebrate this momentous occasion, I have programmed the following circuit-shattering items...the chance to win a giant *Judge Dredd* poster, my very own 9th Birthday Pin-Up, and no less than 3 zarjaz new series! *Judge Dredd* and *Ace Trucking Co* are now joined by *Anderson, Bad City Blue* and *Sooner Or Later* (which transfers to its regular back-page slot next week) to create a truly cosmic comic content! Read my 9th Birthday Prog slowly, Terrans, savour its subtleties, and try to reserve some strength for next prog...I don't want any of you to miss the return of *Strontium Dog!*
SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!



DATA FILE

NAME: THARG
TITLES: THE MIGHTY, MIGHTY ONE, etc.
AGE: INDETERMINATE BUT ANCIENT
HOMEWORLD: QUAXXANN, SIXTH PLANET OF THE BETELGEUSE SYSTEM
SPECIAL POWERS: TOTAL MIGHTINESS
DISTINGUISHING MARKS: GREEN SKIN, ROSETTE OF SIRIUS (This is a sub-space communicator implanted in forehead.)
FOOD: EARTH-TYPE PVC (Especially in form of plastic cups.)
ENEMIES: THE DICTATORS OF ZRAG (Ambition: to wipe out Tharg and 2000 AD.), THE THRILL-SUCKERS (Microscopic parasites who feed on thrill-power.)
OCCUPATION: BEST COMIC EDITOR IN THE KNOWN UNIVERSE!

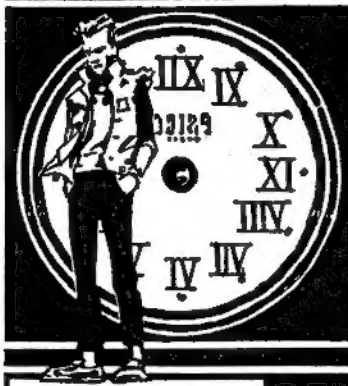
SOME BETELGEUSIAN PHRASES

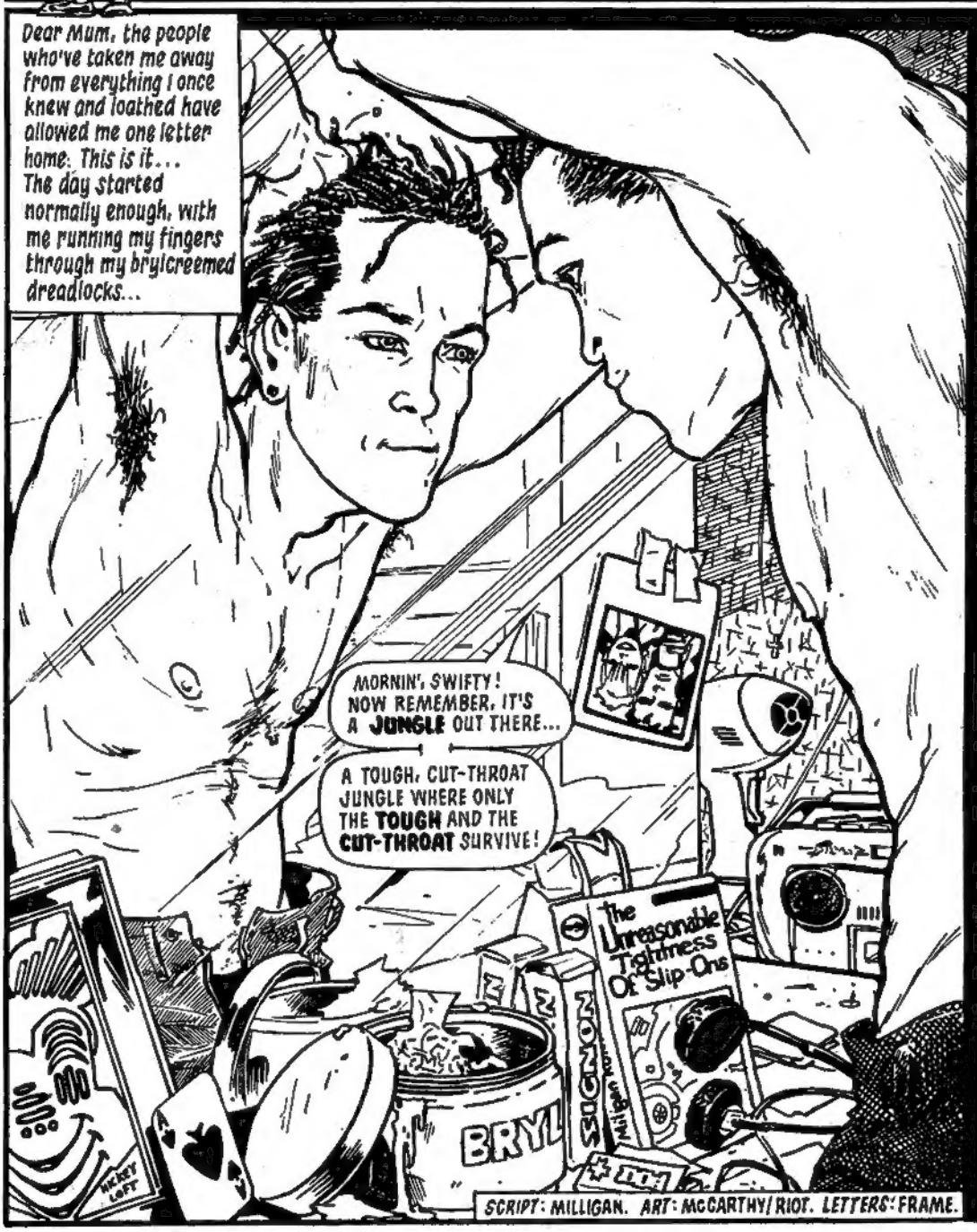
BORAG THUNGG: Galactic Greetings.
SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG: Farewell.
ZARJAZ: Fantastic.
SCROTNIG: Thrill-powered.
SQUAXX DEK THARGO: Friend of Tharg (every regular reader of 2000 AD).
KRILL TRO THARGO: Honoured By Tharg (awarded to Earthlets of special merit).
QUAEQUAM BLAG!: Sacre Bleu! My Goodness! Streuth!
GHAFFLEBETTE: Out of this world.
FLORIX GRABUNDAE: Many thanks.
FROGNUM GRUELIS: April Fool!
GREXNIX: Idiot or un-zarjaz person!

...AND THE BEST IS YET TO COME!

Published every Monday by IPC Magazines Ltd., King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS. 2000 AD must not be sold at more than the recommended selling price shown on the cover. Sole Agents: Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Subscription facilities (inland and overseas) are not now available. **All rights reserved and reproduction without permission strictly forbidden.** **Printed in England by Southernprint Ltd, Poole, Dorset.** **© IPC Magazines Ltd., 1986.**

S·O·O·N·E·R OR LATER






IT'S CAT AND MOUSE... IT'S DOG EAT DOG...
...AND IF YOU DON'T WANT TO BE A LAME DUCK YOU'D BETTER STOP BEING CHICKEN...
ZZ SPUD
YOU NEED THE DETERMINATION TO VOYAGE INTO THE UNCHARTED WATERS OF HUMAN ENDEAVOUR...
OUT OF ORDER
YOU NEED STRENGTH... YOU NEED COURAGE...
666 ZZZ
"AND A FEW QUID DOESN'T HURT EITHER..."
JOB CENTRE
WATCHYA, CLINTON. READ ANY GOOD JOBCARDS LATELY ?
HERE'S ONE, SWIFTY. "IDIOTS WANTED TO WASTE THEIR ENTIRE LIVES WORKING FOR PEANUTS IN LOCAL FACTORY."
"SENSE OF DESPERATION AN ADVANTAGE..."
DO YOU EVER WONDER WHAT IT'D BE LIKE TO BE REALLY FILTHY, STINKIN' RICH, CLINTON ?
JOB CENTRE
YEAH... MUST BE HORRIBLE.
SALE
WAR OVER


HELLO, SWIFTY. LEND US A QUID, WILLYA?
A NICKER? WHERE YOU OFF TO? THE RITZ?
HOW COME HE ALWAYS GIVES YOU THE DOSH, WENDY?
HE FANCIES ME, STUPID!
Later, by the lock...
NO ONE'S GONNA HELP US, MAN. WE GOTTA FIND SOMETHING WE'RE REALLY GOOD AT...
START OUR OWN BUSINESS OR SOMETHIN'...
'ERE!
WOT?
NUFFINK.
YOU NEED MONEY FOR THAT. YOU KNOW, THE STUFF WE HAVEN'T GOT...
WELL WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING, SWIFTY. SOMETHING'S GOT TO CHANGE.
'ERE, CLINTON... I THINK MY EYESIGHT'S JUST PACKED IN... YOU'VE JUST GONE ALL WHITE!
WHITE? AYE, I'M WHITE... BUT CLINTON? NAY, MY NAME IS RICHARD...
RICHARD SHAKESPEARE, SON OF THE GLOVE-MAKER... BROTHER OF MASTER WILLIAM...
OKAY. SO THE WORLD'S GONE CRAZY. SO A JAMAICAN CALLED CLINTON HAS TURNED INTO A WHITE GLOVE-MAKER'S SON IN TIGHTS CALLED SHAKESPEARE...
...STRANGER THINGS MUST HAVE HAPPENED!


HELLO! I'M JOHN CRÈCHE AND YOU ARE MICHAEL SWIFT. SUPER!
YOUR SPONSORS WILL BE HERE SHORTLY, MICHAEL. WE'LL DEAL WITH QUARANTINE MATTERS THEN...
SPONSORS? QUARANTINE? WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM, CRÈCHE?
AH, HERE THEY ARE NOW...
And then I saw them... Like two creatures from Alan Bennet's worst nightmare...
MEET YOUR SPONSORS, MICHAEL...
MR AND MRS KATSBREATH!
SMILE, MICHAEL...
OOO, HE'S GOT SUCH ARTISTIC FEATURES...
AM I CRAZY? AM I DREAMING? WHO CARES? BEATS CAMDEN ON A WET MONDAY...
SOON AS I GET BORED I'LL JUST CLOSE MY EYES... AND WHEN I OPEN THEM I'LL BE BACK AT THE LOCK WITH CLINTON...
THE KATSBREATHS SAVED YOU FROM THE SQUALOR OF 20TH CENTURY LIFE, MICHAEL...
MIGHT HAVE BEEN SQUALOR, MATE, BUT IT WAS MY SQUALOR...
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
TIME TRAVEL. THIS IS THE 30TH CENTURY!
AND SOME OF OUR WEALTHIER CITIZENS SAVE WRETCHES LIKE YOU FROM THE BARBARIC PAST...
THE GOOD KATSBREATHS DID THIS FOR YOU. THEY PAID TO HAVE YOU TRANSPORTED HERE FROM YOUR OWN TIME PERIOD...
AND AS THE SPONSORED PARTY, YOU BELONG TO THEM ON A 15 YEAR NON-NEGOTIABLE CONTRACT...


NOW I MUST WHISK MICHAEL AWAY TO THE HICCUP ROOM. DON'T WANT HIM DROPPING DOWN DEAD, DO WE?
NOT AT HIS PRICE, WE DON'T.
HICCUP ROOM? WILL THIS MADNESS NEVER CEASE?
YEARS AGO OUR POPULATION WAS DECIMATED BY KILLER HICCUPS, MICHAEL...
WE'VE DEVELOPED NATURAL IMMUNITY TO IT...
BUT YOU MUST STAY IN THE HICCUP ROOM UNTIL YOU'RE ABLE TO COPE WITH THE RIGOURS OF MODERN-DAY DISEASE...
So I hung around the Hiccup Room for a bit, chatting to a few other 'New Immigrants' who'd been saved from their pasts...
YOU'RE A CHRISTIAN DISCIPLE CALLED THOMAS? YOU THINK I'LL BELIEVE THAT?
I DOUBT IT, SWIFTY...
And, eventually...
HOME AT LAST, MICHAEL DEAR! WE'VE ARRANGED A LITTLE SOIREE SO YOU CAN EXHIBIT YOUR WONDERFUL TALENT...
PERHAPS A LITTLE BEETHOVEN? A SOUPÇON OF CHOPIN?
Did you know there's a concert pianist from Croydon called Michael Swift, Mum? Coincidence, eh? Can you guess which Swift the Katsbreaths really wanted?
ANOTHER CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY. BUT AM I A MAN OR A PAWN?
DO I LET THESE FOOLS PLAY DICE WITH MY LIFE? OR DO I TAKE DIRECT ACTION?


THIS IS A NEW TYPE OF MUSIC. BACK HOME WE CALL IT AVANT GARDE...
IT'S USUALLY PLAYED BY PEOPLE WHO AVANT TALENT!
...YOU'RE A TROUBLE-MAKER, SWIFT. YOU'RE NOT THE SWIFT THE KATSBREATHS WANTED. YOU'RE NOT THE SWIFT ANYBODY WANTED...
YEAH...THAT'S WHAT MY MUM SAID. SO TELL ME WHEN THE NEXT TIME TRAIN TO CAMDEN IS...
YOU KNOW, BACK TO ALL THAT SQUALOR.
AH, WELL, UM, TIME TRAVEL IS EXPENSIVE, SWIFT. YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY FOR YOUR PASSAGE...
WITH WHAT? I'VE GOT A CRUMPLED GIRO AND TWO STICKS OF GUM...
THAT LEGAL TENDER IN THE 30TH CENTURY?
YOU'LL HAVE TO EARN YOUR PASSAGE! GET A JOB! WE DON'T LIKE SCROUNGERS IN OUR CENTURY!
IT'S A TOUGH AND CUT-THROAT JUNGLE OUT THERE, SWIFT...
YEAH... BUT HOW COME IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME THROATS GETTIN' CUT?
HOW DO I GET A JOB THEN, MR CRÈCHE? GIVE US A CLUE...
EXIT
THERE WAS AN EXPRESSION I THINK WAS WIDELY USED IN YOUR TIME PERIOD, SWIFT.
ON YER BIKE!
All for now, Mum. Give my regards to Bored Street. -Micky.
NEXT: ETHER CITY.

LET THE GALAXY CELEBRATE!





10 JUDGE DREDD POSTERS TO GIVE AWAY!

Mega-Large, mega-colourful, *mega-zarjaz!* That's the only way to describe the scrotnig *Judge Dredd poster* which Tharg has graciously allowed to be offered to the Squaxx dek Thargo as a souvenir of his awesome *9th Birthday prog!*

To qualify for this *once-in-a-lifetime freebie*, simply send a postcard with your name and address to the Nerve Centre *(see below for address)* and mark your postcard "DREDD POSTER". The senders of the *first ten cards* picked out of Tharg's Betelgeusian Hat on 19th May will each receive a copy of the poster!

List your three favourite stories IN THIS PROG on the coupon and enclose it with your entry.

1.
2.
3.

I Dislike:

My Age Is..... 468

VOTE HERE

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

ADVERTISEMENT

NOW *EIGHTEEN* JUDGE DREDD & 2000 AD *COLOUR T-SHIRTS* TO CHOOSE FROM





All T-Shirts feature full-colour designs printed on high-quality machine-washable white shirts.

N.B. When ordering please state Small, Medium, Large or Extra Large (Adult sizes only: S=34-36, M=38-38, L=38-40, XL=42")

1. Torquemada, Nemesis's horrific enemy
2. Dredd and Crime
3. I am the Law, I am Judge Dredd (logo)
4. The Cursed Earth-Dredd on bike
5. Dredd saying "You're Next, Punk!"
6. Judge Mortis and Death
7. Rogue Trooper in action
8. Get Ugly! Otto Sump's official ugly T-shirt
9. Dredd: UnAmerican Graffiti
10. Strontium Dog
11. Slaine in Werpeasm
12. Enormous Dredd Head
13. D.R. & Quinch say: "Nuke Your Parents"
14. Nemesis
15. Feed Me – the official Mega-City "fatty shirt"
16. I'm a Fink
17. Dredd says: "Judgement Day is Today"
18. D.R. & Quinch say: "Real Men don't use Blanks"

Send cheques or POs only for £6.30 per shirt (incl.P&P) to:

FORBIDDEN PLANET LTD. (Dept.TS4)
P. O. BOX 378
LONDON E3 4RD, ENGLAND.

Please allow 28 days for delivery.
Eire customers please send International Banker's Draft or add £2 for bank handling charges.

ADVERTISEMENT



£1 OFF

ABC

Take 2 adults to see Biggles. Present this cartoon at an ABC cinema and save £1– And you'll save even more money if you all go before 6.00pm-because the adults pay the children's price.


ANDERSON PSI DIVISION
THE POSSESSED PART ONE
ARI AKBARR NOSTRUM ELOPHIM
AKBARR GARGARAX! AKBAR KBAR
LET THE GREAT CHASM BE BRIDGED!


NOSTRUM ELOPHIM ! DEI OM MORTATUM !
AAAAAAA


PSI-DIVISION. 0800 HOURS —
LET ME GO! I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING, I'M TELLING YOU!
FOUND HIM WANDERING WITH A LOADED SPIT GUN, ANDERSON. WON'T GIVE US HIS NAME OR SAY WHAT HE WAS UP TO.
A PSI! NO WAY!
NO ONE'S GETTING INSIDE MY HEAD!
WHATEVER ELSE YOU'RE GUILTY OF, CREEP, YOU JUST ADDED JUDGE ASSAULT.
UNNNNN!
PARK YOUR BUTT!
NOW ARE YOU GOING TO PLAY BALL OR DO I HAVE TO GET ROUGH?
I'M TELLING YOU NOTHING!

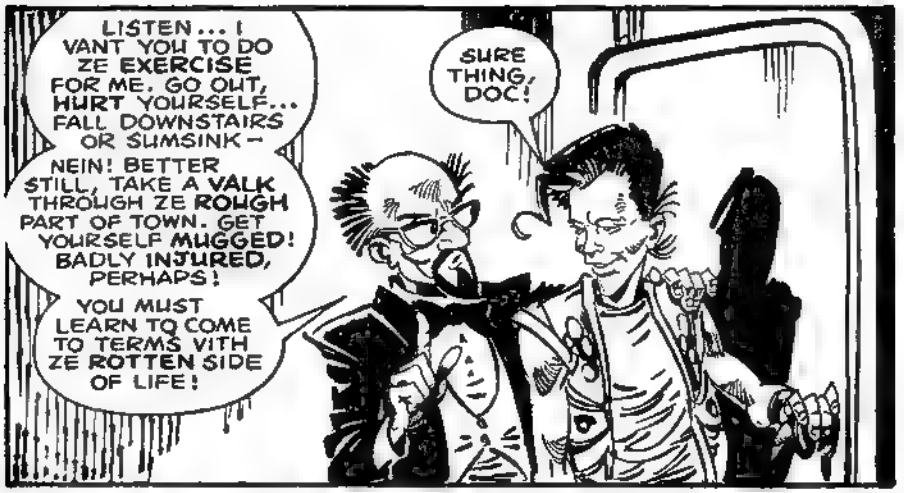

YOU DON'T NEED TO, SUNSHINE. I'LL FIND OUT DIRECT —
NAME'S GORD HANNAH — ON HIS WAY TO KNEECAP HIS FATHER-IN-LAW. SEEMS THE OLD MAN PULLED A DOUBLECROSS ON A SUGAR DEAL.
THAT'S TWO ARRESTS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE. DON'T SAY WE DON'T GIVE YOU SERVICE.
IT AIN'T FAIR! IT AIN'T NATURAL!
IF YOU'RE FINISHED HERE, ANDERSON, HAUL IT DOWN TO ED POE, APARTMENT 77, NAME OF BLISH.
KID'S PICKED UP A POLTERGEIST.
GREAT! SPOOKS BEFORE BREAKFAST I CAN DO WITHOUT! CAN'T YOU GIVE IT TO WALTERS?
CAN'T FIND HIM.
WISEGUY! MUST'VE HAD A PREMONITION AND MADE HIMSELF SCARCE.
PSIS - YOU JUST CAN'T TRUST 'EM!
IT HAD STARTED WITH HIS SCREAM —
AAAA
ED POE
MUM!
OH MY GOD!
I'VE GOT YOU, HAMMY!


WH-WHAT IS IT, MUM?
I DON'T KNOW!
I DON'T KNOW!
WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT?
SHE COULD SENSE IT WELL BEFORE SHE ENTERED THE APARTMENT - A CHILL PRESENCE THAT SENT FINGERS OF ICE RUNNING DOWN HER SPINE...
THANK GOD YOU'VE COME!
IT'S GONE QUIET NOW. BUT IT'S HAMMY - MY BOY...S-SOMETHING'S HAPPENED...
HAMMY...
NEXT PROG: THE EXORCISTS!


IT PAYS TO BE MENTAL
HI!
FAT SAMS
WE'VE ONLY JUST MET BUT ALREADY I BET YOU'RE WONDERIN' HOW A NORMAL, ORDINARY, EVERY-DAY SORT OF JUVE LIKE ME MANAGES TO STAY BRIGHT AND CHEERFUL IN A PLACE LIKE MEGA-CITY ONE..?
HOW I KEEP SMILIN' THRO' WHEN ALL AROUND ME IS GLOOM AND DESPOND..?
THE ANSWER'S SIMPLE, MY FRIENDS...
I'M MENTAL.
I MEAN, YOU'VE GOTTA BE, HAVEN'T YOU? 'LEAST THAT'S WHAT MY SHRINK TELLS ME. THAT'S WHY I'M WALKIN' FREE AN' NOT CUBED UP BY THE LIKES OF OLD STONEYFACE THERE.
JUDGE DREDD
YOU - C'MERE!
DREDD
YOU JERK YOUR THUMB?
YES, SIR.
NO, SIR.
WHAT FOR? WHAT ARE YOU SMILING AT? SEE SOMETHING FUNNY?
UP AGAINST THE WALL.
HERE WE GO AGAIN! IF I'VE BEEN FRISKED ONCE, I'VE BEEN FRISKED A THOUSAND TIMES!
THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH HAVIN' A SUNNY DISPOSITION - YOU STICK OUT LIKE A SORE THUMB.
NOT THAT I MIND. ALL PART OF LIFE'S RICH PAGEANT, ISN'T IT?
WHO'RE YOU TALKING TO?
THEM.
WHO?
THEM - OUT THERE...
PUNK'S GOT A PROBLEM.
SCRIPT T.B.GROVER
ART O.TWERK
LETTERING STARKINGS


"ANYWAY, LIKE I WASN'T SAYIN', THERE'S A SECRET TO EVERYTHING, AND THE SECRET TO DEALIN' WITH THE JUDGES IS TO STAY CLEAN — OR HAVE A GOOD EXCUSE. ME, I'VE GOT A GOOD EXCUSE."
WHAT'S THIS ?
THE BEARER OF THIS CARD IS MENTAL
MENTAL, HUH?
THAT'S RIGHT, SIR. CERTIFIED CLASS D, FAIRLY HARMLESS. RELEASED TO COMMUNITY CARE.
ALL RIGHT — GET ON YOUR WAY. DON'T LET ME CATCH YOU JERKING YOUR THUMB AGAIN.
AND WIPE THAT SMILE OFF YOUR FACE!
I'M JUST OFF TO SEE MY SHRINK NOW. COME ON ALONG. HE'S WORTH SEEIN', BELIEVE ME.
J. KEYCOCK REG'D. SHRINK
YOU ARE ALONE?
NO, YOU'RE WITH ME.
YOU WERE NOT FOLLOWED?


ZEY ARE AFTER ME! ZEY ARE CLOSING IN! MY PATIENTS – YOU ARE ZE ONLY VUNS I CAN TRUST NOW!
I CAN TRUST YOU, JA?
SURE.
GUT! GUT!
MY SHRINK'S A VERY DEPRESSED GUY. HE'S ALSO PARANOID. BUT IN THIS CITY, THAT'S NORMAL. I'M THE ONE THAT'S SICK.
WHO ARE YOU TALKINK TO?
THEM.
NO! THEY'RE OVER THERE NOW!
I SEE. YOU ARE GETTINK VORSE!
THE ACCENT'S PHONEY, BY THE WAY. HE THINKS IT MAKES HIM SOUND LIKE ZIGGY FREUD OR SOMEBODY. THAT WAY HE CAN CHARGE HIS PATIENTS DOUBLE.
NO SKIN OFF MY SHIN – THE CITY PAYS FOR ME.
VOT I FAIL TO UNDERSTAND, MY BOY, IS VOT YOU HAF TO BE SO CHEERFUL ABOUT? YOU ARE POOR – UNEMPLOYED – UNVANTED – AN INSIGNIFICANT PIECE OF FLOTSAM DRIFTING VITHOUT PURPOSE IN THIS ENDLESS SEA OF HUMANITY!
IF YOU VERE DEPRESSED – DESPERATE – JA! THAT I UNDERSTAND! THAT I CAN TREAT! BUT YOU – ZIS HAPPY ALL ZE TIME! IS NOT NORMAL!


LISTEN... I VANT YOU TO DO ZE EXERCISE FOR ME. GO OUT, HURT YOURSELF... FALL DOWNSTAIRS OR SUMSINK—
NEIN! BETTER STILL, TAKE A VALK THROUGH ZE ROUGH PART OF TOWN. GET YOURSELF MUGGED! BADLY INJURED, PERHAPS!
YOU MUST LEARN TO COME TO TERMS VITH ZE ROTTEN SIDE OF LIFE!
SURE THING, DOC!


SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD IDEA TO ME. BUT THEN, I'M MENTAL.


WELL, HERE I AM DOWN ZE ROUGH PART OF TOWN. IT'S A CINCH GETTIN' MUGGED ROUND HERE. 'FACT, HERE COME A COUPLE OF LIKELY TYPES RIGHT NOW..!


HI THERE, FELLA!
PUNY LITTLE WIMP LIKE YOU SHOULDN'T BE WANDERIN' ROUND HERE ALONE! DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S DANGEROUS..?
SEE WHAT I MEAN?


WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO, SMALLFRY?
OH... NOBODY!


C'MON. LET'S TAKE HIM!
HERE WE GO!


LOOK! WIMP'S GOT A MENTAL CARD!


GOT ONE OF THESE AN' YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH ANYTHIN'!
GIMME!
GET YOUR PICKIN' MITTS OFF - !
HEY! CAN'T WE GET ON WITH THE MUGGING?
URRRRRRRR!
CREM! I'VE KILLED HIM!
YOU SAW IT ALL! CAN'T LEAVE NO WITNESSES - YOU GOTTA DIE!
I'M GAME!
AHHHH!
CRUNK!
SAVED BY A FALLING BATGLIDER! HAPPENS TO ME ALL THE TIME! GUESS IT'S ALL PART OF BEING MENTAL.
VROOOM!
YOU AGAIN, HUH?
YOU NUTS GET ABOUT.


WELL, HE'S ACCEPTED MY STORY, BUT IT DOESN'T SOLVE MY PROBLEM. I STILL HAVEN'T MANAGED TO GET MYSELF MUGGED.
STILL, IF THE LAWBREAKERS AREN'T UP TO THE JOB, YOU CAN ALWAYS RELY ON THE LAW...
...THAT'S RIGHT, CONTROL – THREE OF THEM. LOOKS LIKE THE BATGLIDER HAD A HEART ATTACK.
YOU GOTTA BE JOKING!
UNFFFF!
WHAPP!
YOU CAN TAKE "MENTAL" TOO FAR, CREEP. SICK TICKET OR NOT, YOU'RE DOIN' TIME!
I WAS ON SHRINK'S ORDERS!
THEN THE CATCH WAGON CAN STOP AND PICK HIM UP TOO!



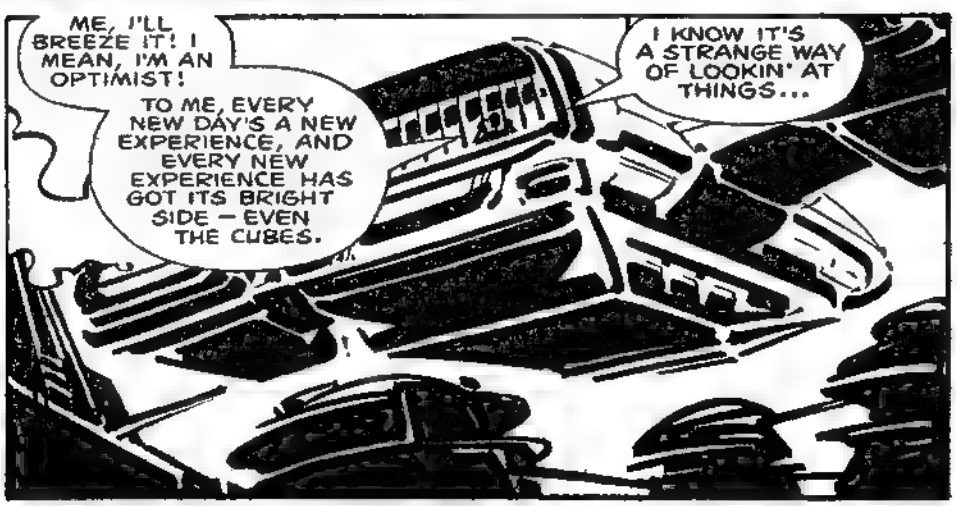






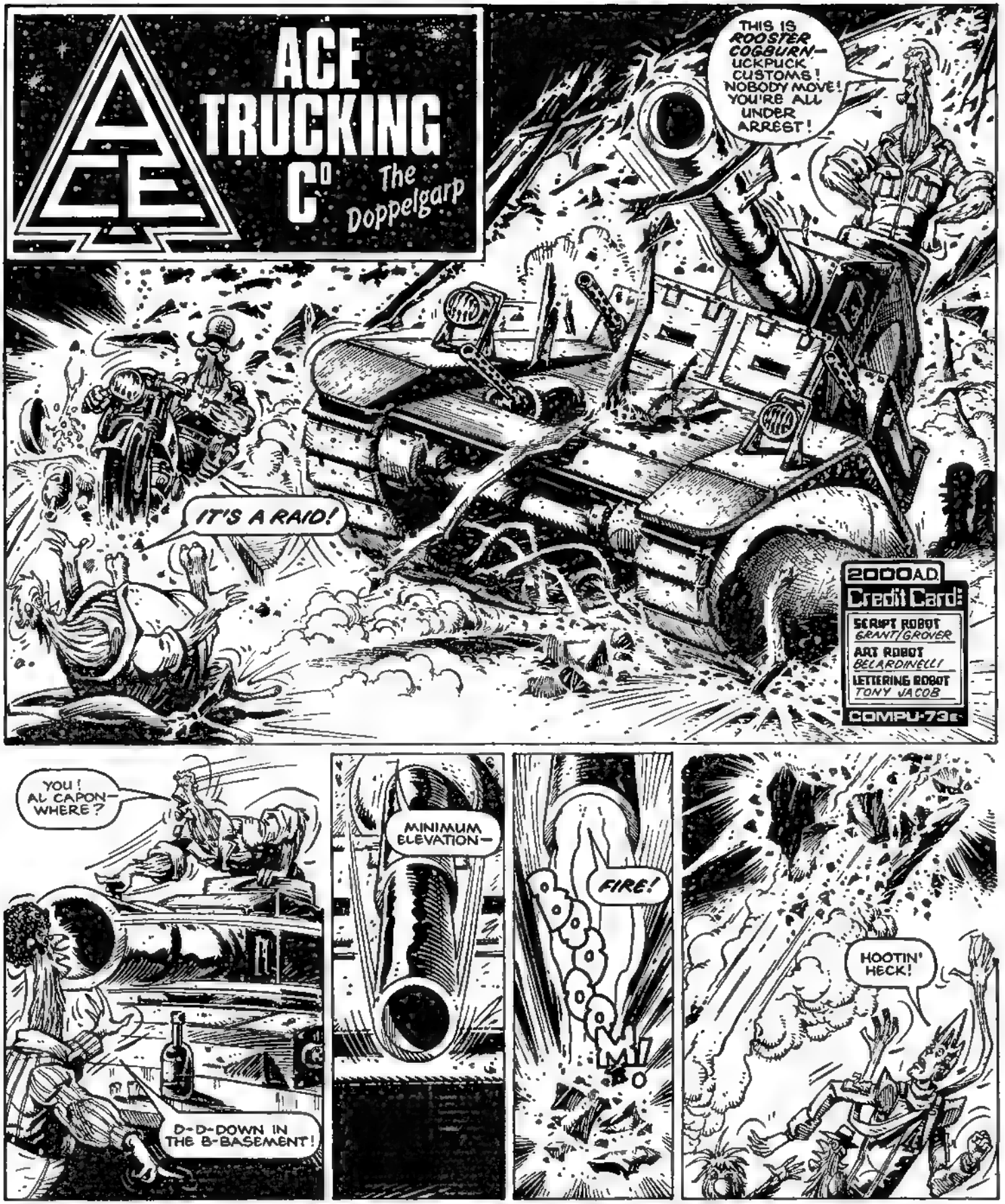








NEXT PROG: **RUMOURS CAN KILL!**


ACE TRUCKING Co
The Doppelgarp
THIS IS ROOSTER COGBURN— UCKPUCK CUSTOMS! NOBODY MOVE! YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!
IT'S A RAID!
2000 A.D. Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT GRANT/GROVER
ART ROBOT BELARDINELLI
LETTERING ROBOT TONY JACOB
COMPU-73
YOU! AL CAPON— WHERE?
D-D-DOWN IN THE B-BASEMENT!
MINIMUM ELEVATION—
FIRE!
M!
HOOTIN' HECK!


KERR
UUUNCH!
IT'S-A ROOSTER COGBURN! BLOW-A HIM AWAY!
WIPE THEM OUT! SHOW NO MERCY!
SHEESH! NEVER FIGURED ON A PLASMA PARTY!
SAME OLD ACES- ALWAYS FOUR UP! THIS TIME WE GET KILL FOR SURE!
TAP TAP
JIG MY RIG! THE DANGLIN' DIGIT!
THREES AN' SEVENS TO YA, MIGHTY BUDDY!
I'LL GIVE YOU THREES AND SEVENS! HAVEN'T YOU FORGOTTEN SOMETHING?
THIS IS MY NINTH BIRTHDAY ISSUE. NATURALLY, I AM EXPECTING SEVERAL MILLION NEW READERS!
HOOTIN' HECK! PLAIN SLIPPED MY BRAIN!
2000
WE WAS S'POSED TO BRING ALL THEM NOO COMIC-BLIPPIN' BUDDIES UP-TO-DATE WITH THE STORY SO FAR!
NO SWEAT, DOPPEL-GARPIN' BUDDY. WE'LL DO IT RIGHT NOW!
HANG TEN THERE, BATTLIN' BUDDIES!
HANG TEN!


Y'ALL GOTTA EASE BACK ON THE PLASMA A SEC-SEC! WE'S GOT SOME OFFICIAL BIZ TO CONDUCT!
OOKYDOO...
I'S THE FAMOUS SPACE TRUCKER ACE GARP, AND I'S FELL THROUGH A HOLE INTO A PARRYLEL YOONIVERSE! NOW I'S TEAMED UP WITH MY DOPPELGARPER HERE AN' HIS UFFY CREW—
HEY! I THUNKED WE HAD THIS SETTLED. THIS IS MY YOONIVERSE! YOU IS THE DOPPELGARPER!
ANYWAYS, WE'S HERE IN CHUCKEN CITY TO HOCK TEN MILLION BYMS' WORTH O' HIGHLY ILLEGAL BOOZLE-EGGS TO THE NOTORIOUS DOUBLE BADDO, BUGLEGGER SCARFACE AL CAPON!
THAT'S-A ME, READERS!
BUT OUR BOOZLBIZ'S BEEN INTERRUPTED BY TOP CUSTOMS CHUCKEN ROOSTER COGBURN AN' HIS CRACK COMMANDOS!
GREETINGS, READERS KEEP YOUR CHESTS OUT, YOUR PECKERS UP AND YOUR RECORDS CLEAN!
HOWZAT, BEETLEJUICIN' BUDDY?
HMMM. IT'LL HAVE TO DO.
OOKYDOO! 'PRECIATE YOUR PATIENCE.
NOW— BACK TO THE BATTLE!
BLAM
PEEOW
RYOW
BOOM
bukkabukka
BAM
BLAT BLAT
NEXT PROG: ON THE DANGLE!

BAD CITY BLUE

Script: Craig Lipp
Art: Robin Smith
Lettering: Steve Potter




SKIMMER ON HOVER— FIFTY METRES. WAIT MY CALL.
BASE: I AM NOW IN DEVIL TERRITORY.
PROCEEDING TO KILL-ZONE.
ROGER. SKYCAMS REPORT TARGET STILL INZONE.
NOW 90 PERCENT OF THE CITY WAS SLUM, CRUMBLING, DECAYING GHETTO. BAD CITY, THEY CALLED IT.
hell is heer
DEVILS
TOPSIDE, DARKSIDE— DIDN'T MATTER. ARMED GANGS RULED, AND EVEN THE COPS DIDN'T DARE GO IN—
'CEPT FOR GUYS LIKE ME.
HEY, SUCKER!


THIS DEVIL TURF, DOMER.
YOU BETTER GOT YOUR PASS— OR YOU GOIN' GET SLICED!
FRESH OUT OF PASSES, BRUDDER—
SNIK!
K
I
K
THESE DO?
DARKSIDE! HE PACKIN' ZAP!
ZZZZZAAK!
DEV
THE NAME'S BLUE.
I'M A BUTTON MAN FOR THE CITY.

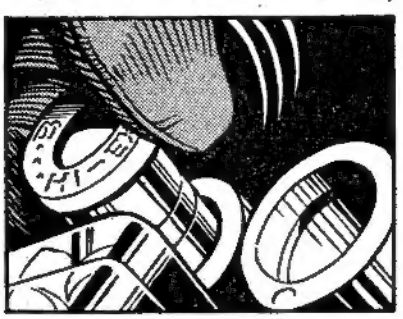

LOOK ON ME AS A KIND OF TROUBLE SHOOTER—
—ANYBODY START'S TROUBLE, I SHOOT 'EM.
I GAVE THEM A QUICK RAKE, BUT THEY'D NOTHING WORTH TAKING.
DEVILS
NOT THAT I LIKED WASTING TIME ON SLUMSCUM LIKE THEM. THEY WERE JUST STUNNED. THEY'D WAKE UP IN THE MORNING WITH DOG-STAR HEADS AND A DOSE OF AMNESIA THAT'D HAVE 'EM RUNNIN' IN CIRCLES FOR A MONTH.
HOW ABOUT SOME ILLUMINATION HERE, BASE?
NOT POSSIBLE AT THIS TIME, BLUE. PROCEED TO TARGET.
KRAK!
NO, THE LITTLE FISH DIDN'T MATTER. LET THEM KILL THEMSELVES OFF, AND SO MUCH THE BETTER.
BUT WHEN ONE OF THEM GETS TOO BIG — START'S GETTING IN THE WAY OF DECENT FOLK — THAT'S WHEN CITY SENDS IN THE BUTTON MAN.
DEVIL CAMP IN SIGHT. PROCEEDING WITH HIT.











SOME SCUM TAKE A LOT OF CONVINCING. I DUMPED A SHELL IN THE DOUBLE-B...





ADVERTISEMENT

